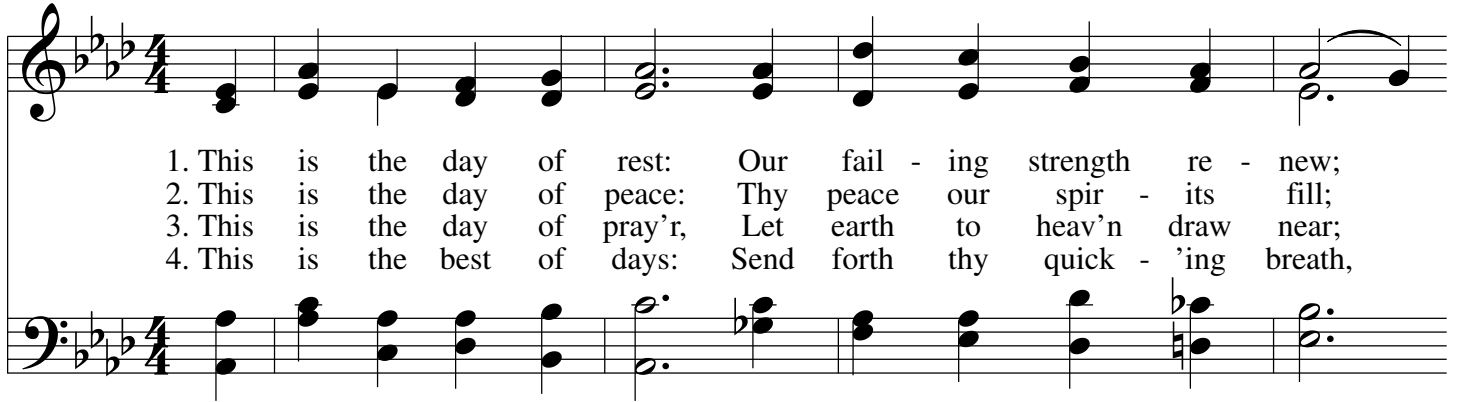
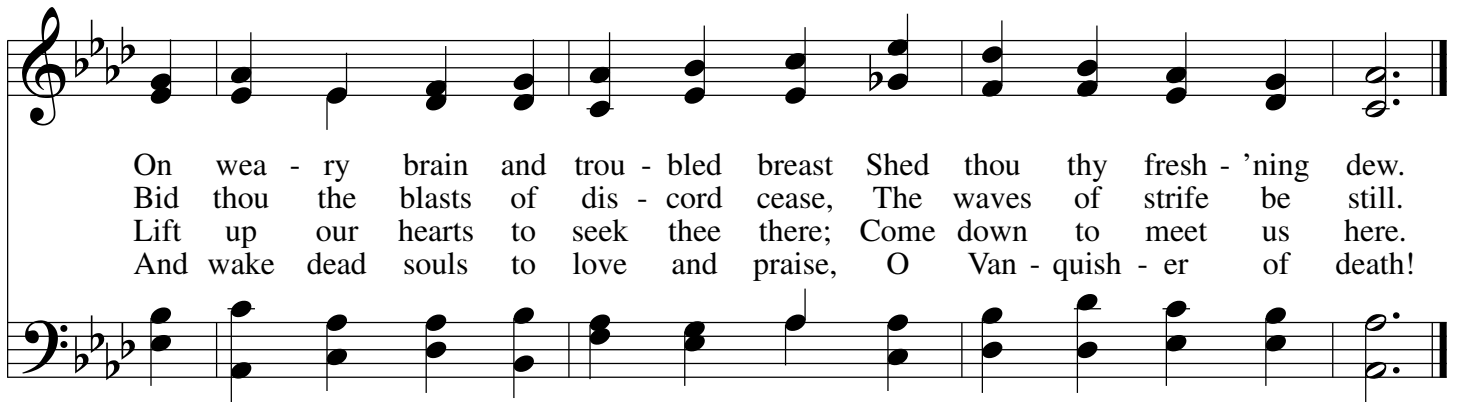


The Best Of Days

A \flat



1. This is the day of rest: Our fail - ing strength re - new;
2. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir - its fill;
3. This is the day of pray'r, Let earth to heav'n draw near;
4. This is the best of days: Send forth thy quick - 'ing breath,



On wea - ry brain and trou - bled breast Shed thou thy fresh - 'ning dew.
Bid thou the blasts of dis - cord cease, The waves of strife be still.
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there; Come down to meet us here.
And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Van - quish - er of death!